Hands on the Wall by BeautyInChains

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Summary:

Steve's ears are ringing, his clothes are plastered to his lithe body with sweat. He shivers as Billy stalks forward. "Put your hands on the wall."
"Billy, I-"
"Did I fucking stutter?" Billy says dangerous and low, "It wasn't a question. Now, turn around and put your hands on the goddamn wall."

Hands on the Wall

Author's Note:

> Tumblr prompt fill for En's NSFW Fic Starters 28-"Be Quiet. Put your hands on the wall", 28-Public Sex, and 31-Jealousy.
>
> I had a lot of fun with this one. It got a teeny bit dark...in the best way.
>
> Unbeta'd, comments/kudos/con-crit most welcome!

“Hey! What the fuck is your goddamn problem?!”

“Be. Quiet.” Billy growls in a tone that leaves no room for argument. Steve swallows hard. The alley behind the club is cold, damp, and so dark Steve has to squint to make out Billy’s expression. Pissed would be putting it lightly. His harsh pants mingle with the heavy bass of the music still pounding beyond the wall. Steve’s ears are ringing, his clothes are plastered to his lithe body with sweat. He shivers as Billy stalks forward. “Put your hands on the wall.”

“Billy, I-”

“Did I fucking stutter?” Billy says dangerous and low, “It wasn’t a question. Now, turn around and put your hands on the goddamn wall.”

Reluctantly Steve does as he’s told, his cock filling out against his thigh despite himself. He senses Billy’s presence behind him before he feels Billy’s body against his own, shoulder to hip, hip to thigh, pressed so tight Steve’s not sure where he ends and Billy begins. Billy’s breath is hot against his ear.

“See, I’m just tryin’ to figure out what mighta given you the impression that you think just anyone can touch this,” he drawls, thick fingers curling around Steve’s hips and digging in hard enough that it causes Steve to wince. “This is mine.” Steve shivers, fingernails dragging roughly against the old brick wall. Billy’s fingers slip from

Steve's hip to his ass, cupping and squeezing. "*This is mine*."

"I know, I-"

"I should break his fuckin' fingers. One by one. *God*, I want to. I'd like it."

"I know," Steve agrees, placating, heart hammering in his chest. He hates it when Billy gets like this. He loves it when Billy gets like this. He hates that he loves it when Billy gets like this.

"I just don't get it, baby. Am I not fuckin' you right? Not fuckin' you hard enough? You forget that easy?" Billy asks with his teeth clipping Steve's ear, dragging his thumb down the crease of Steve's jeans and teasing his hole through the denim. Steve whines. Being fucked hard enough or right enough has never been the problem. His cock gives a kick against his jeans. He can feel Billy's cock, hard against his ass.

"Billy. I haven't."

"I should kill him," Billy says, free hand curling around Steve's thick cock, giving a possessive squeeze.

"*Fuck*," Steve nearly sobs.

"Is that what you need? You need me to remind you, baby?" Steve's fingers slip against the brick, his skin feels raw; everything feels hot and bright and out of control. Billy's nimble fingers are already working the button of Steve's jeans open, tugging them past his hips. The cool air hits Steve's sweat slicked skin and he jerks back against Billy. Billy who is prying his cheeks apart and spitting crudely into Steve's pink, quivering hole.

"You're gonna remember this one, Pretty Boy. I'm gonna make sure this time. No one touches you. This is mine. *You* are mine."

"Yours.